

SUMMERTIME AMUSEMENTS

BY MAITLAND DAVIES

Alan Dale, the noted critic of the New York American, is on his usual summer trip abroad, and he finds at every twist and turn in the road something to remind him of Broadway and its bright lights. Here is what he has to say of it in last Monday's "American":

LONDON, June 24.—Oh, do send me a night letter and tell me where I am!

I don't know. I thought I was in dear old London, but sometimes I can't credit it, for dear old London is so New-Yorked, so completely U. S. A.—as it were, and so to speak—that I feel geographically lost. New York's last season is London's present season. I cannot sing the old songs that were so dear-r-r to me, and I cannot rewrite the old reviews. It is quite a puzzle.

Right at the dear old Lyceum theater—the once home of Henry Irving—a struggling mob of bank holiday Cockneys are trying to get to see Seymour Hicks and Ellaline Terriss in "Broadway Jones," and they got nothing of George M. Cohan! At Charles Frohman's Duke of York theater there is Irene Vanbrugh doing the Billy Burke play, "The Land of Promise," that New York discarded weeks ago. At the Gaiety theater, where all that was George Edwards has prevailed for years and years and years, the American success, "Adele," is presented by "Joseph P. Bickerton, Junior." Not a vestige of the old Gaiety can be discerned. The lassies, the johnnies, the picturesque inanity of the London institution seem to have vanished, and "Adele" is there "fresh from the Longacre theater"—vide playbills.

I move along, dreaming New York, and behold "Potash and Peremutt" shivering the "grimy" sides of the London monster with irrevocable mirth at the Queen's theater. Tre-



Scene from "The Perils of Pauline," which will be shown at the Lion theater Wednes day and Thursday

Shaftesbury theater, who is offering it. Robert saw it in New York, and, though it is of "foreign parentage," New York got it first. The more one sees of London the more one marvels at the distinct and unerring alertness of little old New York!

On Saturday night, at the good old London Adelphi—a theater as institutional as the Bank of England, and Westminster Abbey, and London Bridge—who will bob up but Sam Bernard, actually bringing Mr. Hoggenheimer to the city that originated him. Yes, the "genial" Sam (as the press-agent would say) is producing "The Belle of Bond Street," fresh from its New York run, without Gaby Deslys. But in the place of Her-of-the-Lilies is an American maiden known as Miss Ina Claire.

Oh, "hurry up, do, and send me a night letter to tell me where I am, and why I am! I don't know. If this goes on I'll come right 'ome again. It seems so silly, doesn't it, to be up against all these American attractions, so many wet miles away.

Why is it, do you suppose? It isn't difficult to fathom if you think a bit. London used to go to Paris for all its plays, and revamp everything French. That vogue is as dead as a door-mat. The Parisian idea is defunct in London. Then it relied on its own native playwrights for a decade. It got the drama of fatigue, the tired old doings of Lady Clara Vere de Vere and her lovers. London is still healthy. It has red blood corpuscles. Its own anaemic drama gave it the blues and wearied it. The English play is dead.

Then it went to Germany, which it hates, and used up all the German musical comedies available, and now that source is exhausted. Enter the United States vehemently, flamboyantly, cyclonically. The youth, the fervor, the new ideas of the U. S. A. are irresistibly appealing, and London has succumbed to a vogue that threatens to endure longer than any of the others. It is the novel outlook of American themes that captures England. England doesn't want European ideas. It pins its faith to the vivid blood of Americanism, to the new types (like those in "Potash and Peremutt"), to the adroit humor, and the pretty, fresh and simple femininity. It is just eating it all up. It is unescapable; it is cyclonic.

And mind you, I knew that this state of things would come to pass. I foresaw it. I prophesied it in these very columns. And it has happened far more drastically than I ever thought it would or could do. London today is New-Yorked, not only theatrically, but in many other directions. So if I don't know where I am it isn't my fault. And if you'll send me a night letter I'll be awfully glad to realize that I really am in London.

Princess Thrillers at the Big Fair Arrangements have just been completed between E. Ray Comstock, Holbrook Blinn and a group of San Francisco theatrical managers where-by the entire repertoire of the Princess Players will be given at a San Francisco theater during August, 1915. The plays will include all the thrillers from the little Princess theater in New York, which have caused so much discussion in and out of the big city during the past two seasons.

The dispatch does not state whether or not they are to be shown on tour previous to the San Francisco engagement, but we wonder what would happen if they should decide to appear in Phoenix and produce "Any Night or 'En Deshabille."

Because She is a Real Indian The wonderful fidelity with which Mona Darkfeather portrays Indian roles in moving pictures has frequently been the cause of very favorable comment. Now her director says she does so well because she's the daughter of a red man.

Her desire to become familiar with the customs and usages of the various tribes of her race caused this Indian maid to spend several years with the different tribes. Among her warmest friends are Chief Sitting Sun and his Sioux Indians.

Princess Mona's quest for knowledge of tribal lore caused her to live among the Blackfeet, who reside in Montana; the Pueblos in Mexico; with Chief Isaac's tribe of Mooshie Indians in Alaska, while she has visited every totem pole in that northern territory from Kethikan to Kinkik and attended services in the famous Indian church located at Nulatta, Alaska.

Consequently, this photoplay performer is at home in any Indian role. Familiar with the peculiar customs of her race, Miss Darkfeather's portrayals are clad with authenticity such as is not found in the characterization of white players who attempt Indian roles.

Electrified Actors Here is a new one and it is respectfully submitted to local managers for anything that it is worth to them:

A high tension dressing room is being installed at the Palace theater in New York for the electrification of performers before they go upon the stage.

The room will contain a powerful Tesla coil and the walls will be wound with heavy insulated copper wire carrying high currents. Tired artists will enter this chamber and emerge filled with electricity and enthusiasm. It is expected that a short visit to the "pep house," as the artists have already termed it, will send any act upon the stage keyed up to the blowing-off-steam pressure.

Mortimer Norden, E. E., the chief electrician for the B. F. Keith circuit, is installing this room for electrical stimulation at the Palace as a result of experiments by Nikola Tesla, Sir James Crichton Browne, Sir Oliver Lodge and himself. In Europe nurseries are being equipped for the electro-culture of children.

It would seem to us that if this idea could be put into operation here it would be a great blessing to long-suffering audiences.

WHAT IS HAPPENING HERE THIS WEEK

THE COLUMBIA offers first aid to hot weather victims in its bill this week. It offers the coolest auditorium in Phoenix and a list of acts that excel anything that has yet been brought to this most attractive theater—which is going some.

The headline feature is a little comedy entitled "General Cruz of Vera Cruz," which is presented by the Thomas Minor Company. There

is nothing surprisingly highbrow about this comedy but it is guaranteed to make one laugh and is a sure fire heat forgetter, which is much more important.

Another feature will be the McKinnon Sisters in a new singing and dancing act which is guaranteed to drive away the blues and fill one with good humor and, in case they are not enough to make one feel in an especially good humor, Hesse the tramp juggler will help them out.

It is a hot weather bill, but then the hot weather never really matters at the Columbia for it has an atmosphere all its own and it is always cool inside regardless of what it may be like out of doors.

As usual the pictures will play a prominent part in the program and the comedies will be up to that standard which has made the Columbia pictures the joy of Phoenix. Go to the Columbia, it pays.

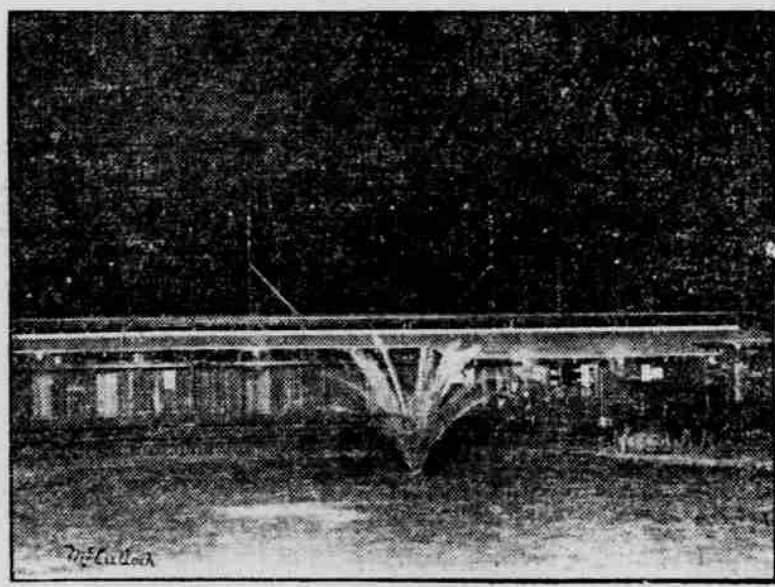
RIVERSIDE PARK continues to be the mecca for the entire population of the valley. It appeals particularly to families, lodges and societies for picnic purposes. It is so close to town that it is no trouble to get there, and yet it is far enough to seem like a trip into the country. Not a day passes that does not bring four or five picnic parties to the park and there is always a merry time down there.

On Mondays and Fridays it is free to women and children up to three o'clock in the afternoon and many families take advantage of this to spend the day down there and have daddy meet them in the evening. The management of the park is particularly desirous to have the people understand that this is particularly pleasing to the park and that they are always welcome.

Every Thursday and Sunday there are special attractions at the park, including concerts by Alden's Concert band. There is no dancing on Sunday night, but every other night in the week Ben Massie's famous orchestra hold forth in the big pavilion and the dancing floor cannot be excelled anywhere.

The zoo is growing bigger and more attractive every day and its population is increasing steadily. Mutt, the big alligator, killed little Jeff in a fight the other day, and the youngsters will miss him sadly; but already another "gator" has taken Jeff's place and he will be as big a favorite as the other.

Another thing that has made a big impression at the park is the dare-devil work of Carson the Fire Diver. If anything more sensational than his dive last Thursday night has been seen in Phoenix, it has never been published. From away up at the top of the high tower, soaked in gasoline, a flaming torch, he dived, turned a complete somersault and landed in a lake of burning gasoline many feet below. In case anyone does not believe that



Bath house and plaza at Riverside Park

this was some stunt, it may be stated further that when he came out of the water his eyebrows and eyelashes were badly burned.

The big slide and the pool of course remain the main attraction, but the picture show, especially when the pictures of Lucille Love are shown, is a tremendous drawing card.

Added facilities for emptying and filling the pool make it possible to have water plenty deep enough for good swimming by Monday afternoon.

THE LION THEATER shows one of the funniest comedies ever seen in Phoenix today. It is a two-reel Keystone comedy entitled "Caught in a Cabaret," and is the output of Mack Sennett's comical factory in California. Charles Chaplin is the leading fun maker, and it is said that while this comedy was being made, that it caused so much laughter that you couldn't hear what the actors were saying. Mabel Normand, who is a general favorite, finishes the show artistically, and with Mack Sennett behind the camera, the result is a comedy that will stand for a long time without an equal as a laugh producer. The rest of the program today at the Lion is good, as it embraces a splendid drama by the American players called "David Grey's Estate," and the Mutual Weekly, which gives scenes from fifteen important happenings in the world, making it both interesting and instructive. The Lion shows Mutual Movies which are consistently good and continues to be a favorite movie house.

THE AVENUE offers its usual program of unexcelled pictures. For the headline attraction today and tomorrow is the two-part Essanay

Caught in a Cabaret

TWO-REEL KEYSTONE COMEDY

Featuring Mabel Normand, Mack Sennet and Chas. Chaplin

TODAY ONLY AT THE LION THEATER

YOU'LL LAUGH AND LAUGH

drama, "The Voice in the Wilderness," in which Francis X. Bushman is starred. Mr. Bushman recently won the country-wide popularity contest for leading men. As Frank, the young author, he is given a wonderful opportunity to display the artistic talents for which he is so well known. Frank is unable to concentrate his mind on his work and induces his young wife to accompany him to the little village in the wilderness. Irene soon tires of the monotony and pleads with Frank to return. One day while strolling alone in the woods, deeply engrossed in thought, Frank steps over a precipice, but fortunately alights on a ledge and is saved from destruction. His plunge is witnessed by Gerda, a sculptress, who lives alone in a nearby cabin. Gerda rescues the unconscious man and takes him to her cabin. When Frank falls to arrive home, hunting parties are organized to search for him. After two weeks pass and he is not found, the wife, believing him dead, prepares to return to the city. She is notified that she has fallen heir to a vast estate and must take immediate possession. Before leaving, Irene writes a note explaining why she left, and entrusts it to the storekeeper for delivery to Frank, in case he should return. Gerda in the meantime has fallen in love with the author and guards well his whereabouts. When Frank recovers, he believes his wife has deserted him. Some months later he learns the truth and hastens to the city, arriving just in time to witness the marriage of his wife to another. Rather than make things unpleasant for Irene, he returns to the little cabin in the woods, where Gerda

greeted him with open arms. "Almost an Outrage" and "While the Band Played" are Biograph comedies on one reel and are said to be most amusingly entertaining. The world's topical events are interestingly portrayed by Hearst-Selig News Pictorial. We are trying to impress on Phoenix showgoers the fact that America's greatest screen artists work for the Avenue.

NICKEL AIRDOME. There will be a complete change of program at the Nickel Airdome tonight. First on the bill will be the great big 101 Bison "The Flash of Fate," a two-reel picture without a dull moment. One thrilling situation after another flashes upon the screen in rapid succession. An educational Eclair picture, "Unforeseen Metamorphose," that grips the attention; "Does Max Snore," a comedy that is a rib tickler, and the splendid Powers comedy, "A Deuce and Two Pairs," that will make you sit up and take notice. There will be a new song by Kathryn Hart, the Airdome soloist, and a whole lot of good music. A program of over an hour for the smallest price charged here or elsewhere and a bill that challenges an equal anywhere.

THE EMPRESS is branching out again. In addition to the magnificent feature pictures, the management has engaged the Arcu Brothers company. Six artists direct from the City of Mexico in Spanish songs and dances.

Owing to the very unsettled conditions in Mexico, there is naturally very little doing in the amusement line down there and some of the foremost artists have been driven

to this country to make a living. Everybody knows that the City of Mexico has a unique reputation in theatrical and operatic lines. It has the finest opera houses in the world and some of the most notable performers and singers in the universe appear there, for the Mexican is particularly about his pleasures.

It is said that this company of singers and dancers are particularly good and it will be worth while to make a visit to the Empress to find out if it is true.

The principal picture this week will be "Love, Luck and Gasoline," a three-reel featuring John Bunny, Lillian Walker and Wallie Van.

THE COLISEUM comes right back with another good bill. Mac O'Neil, a Scotch comedian, starts the ball rolling and he is followed by Burke and Burke in comedy singing and talking. The star feature will be Russell and Hayes, "Harmonious Banjo Spankers." It sounds good, anyway. It is said to be a good act and the name is good enough to make one believe that it is.

The pictures will be the same reliable winners that are always found at the Coliseum.

THE LAMARA feature today and tomorrow will be the Lubin special "Love's Long Lane." It is a tale of the old days, a story of the early excitement in Arizona copper stocks, and it is said to be one of the best pictures yet turned out by the Lubin people.

THE REGALE offers a brand new bill of pictures every day and every reel is a winner. Step in at the Regale while you are shopping, it is right in the heart of the district, and spend a pleasant hour.



Princess Mona Darkfeather.

Appearing regularly at the Lion

menous business! Unequaled success! And they now talk of running it at another theater simultaneously. I rub my eyes in amazement. Is this the staid and "insular" London?

At the New theater there is Cyril Maud in "Grumpy"—actually an English actor-manager "presenting" a play that had to get an American endorsement before it was "dared" in London. "Extraordinary! And they are just eating up "Grumpy" over here, because Maud is the best "old man" actor on the London stage—a fact that New York had to rub in! Oh, I say, send me a night letter and tell me where I am!

At the Criterion—shades of New York's past!—is the good old "Blue Mouse" that we've forgotten. I couldn't see it again—positively I couldn't—and yet London sanctions it, and it is one of the current attractions that attract.

In a day or so we shall be treated to the "Queen of the Movies," the re-named "The Cinema Star" (for they loathe the word "movies" over here; it is so common, duntcherknow), and it is Robert Courtneidge, of the

COLUMBIA
THEATRE DE LUXE
THE STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE

2 SHOWS NIGHTLY—7:15 AND 9—10c, 20c, 30c

TONIGHT AND MONDAY NIGHT ONLY

The Show All Phoenix Has Applauded

5 BENNETT SISTERS, "Those Athletic Girls"—BILLY DODGE, Comedian—SANTA CRUZ, Shadow-graphist—3 REELS FIRST-RUN PICTURES—LADIES' ORCHESTRA!

OPENING TUESDAY

HESSE, "Jesting Juggler"—HARRIS AND HARRIS, Comedy Acrobats—"THOSE MAC KIMMON SISTERS"—FRANK MINOR & CO., in "General Cruz of Santa Cruz"

There is Only One

RIVERSIDE PARK

And It Is Down by the River

TODAY

Special Water Sports 3:30 P. M.

Alden's Concert Band, Afternoon & Evening

New Pictures Tonight

Get the Park Habit

"RIDE THE SLIDE AT RIVERSIDE"

Admission 10 Cents